

17, 1909

JUNE 24, 1909
VOL. LIII, No. 1391

GARDEN NUMBER

Mod. C
PRICE, 10 CENTS

Life



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

French Natural Sparkling Table Water

Perrier

Contains only natural gas.

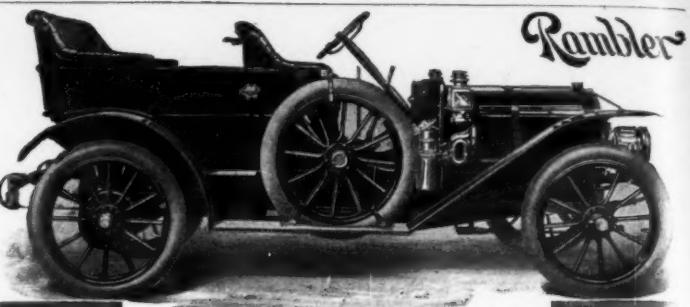
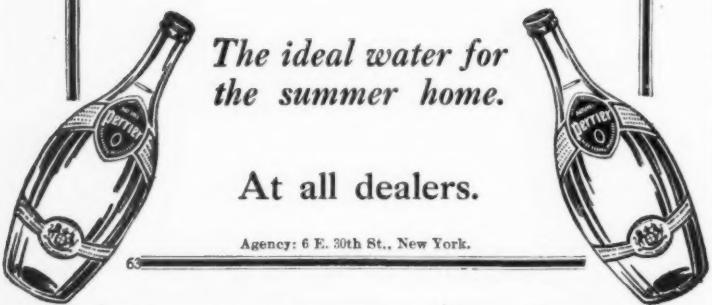


Perrier blends perfectly with all wines and spirits and is a great aid to digestion.

The ideal water for the summer home.

At all dealers.

Agency: 6 E. 30th St., New York.



Model Forty-four, 34 H. P., \$2,250.
Spare Wheel, with Inflated Tire, Brackets, and Tools, \$74.
Magneto, \$150.

Character Coupled with Efficiency

To that purchaser who demands quality without undue elaboration, steady service without sensational performance, and reasonable cost without sacrifice of worth, Rambler Model Forty-four most strongly appeals.

The Offset Crank-Shaft provides for greater power efficiency in hill-climbing and for high-gear work in crowded traffic. The Rambler Spare Wheel obviates all tire worries—saves the task of pumping up the new tire, and can be substituted for the regular wheel within three minutes.

Those big wheels and tires provide comfort in touring, besides saving tire expense.

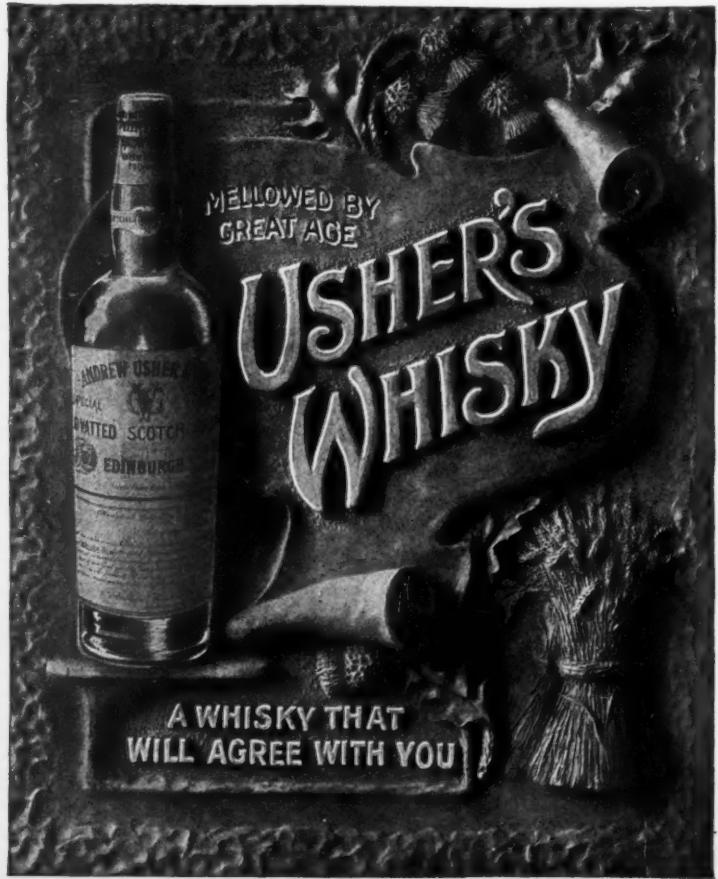
May we send you the new Rambler catalog or a copy of the Rambler Magazine, a monthly publication for owners? Rambler automobiles, \$1,150 to \$2,500.

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MISS CUE

is the Sensation of the Hour

Any person interested in billiards should get this sensational picture demonstrating the way to avoid Miss Cue.

We'll send a beautiful photogravure of Miss Cue, size 10 x 13, on mat 14 x 17, for

20 Cents in Stamps

Just ask for "Miss Cue's First Appearance"

WILLIAM A. SPINKS & COMPANY
93 Erie Street Chicago, U. S. A.

Manufacturers Spinks' Billiard Chalk
and the only manufacturers of Cue Tips in America

If Omar Were Khayyamming Now

Old Omar craved a book, jug, loaf, and "Thou,"
But Omar lived a long, long time ago;
If he were here and yearned to claim her now
He'd need a goodly wad to stand a show.

Once maidens may have gladly sat around
And listened to men read the poet's words,
May gladly have munched loaves and may have
found

A sweetness in the twittering of birds.

But now the man who deals in tents or wheat
Must have a bundle of the good long green,
And if his dreams are ever to be sweet
He must not fail to own a limousine.

It may be that his "Thou" has love for art,
To her the Persian's song may seem sublime,
But if he is to win her tender heart
He must be spending money all the time.

A book of verses underneath the bough?
That would not even win him second place;
A jug of wine and loaf of bread? His "Thou"
Would want hot birds—and bottles by the case.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Latest Books

Neglected Neighbors, by Charles Frederick Weller.
(John C. Winston Co. \$1.50.)

An Englishman's Home, by Major Guy de Maurier,
D.S.O. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

The Hand-made Gentleman, by Irving Bacheller.
(Harper & Bros. \$1.50.)

Merely Players, by Virginia Tracy. (The Century
Co. \$1.50.)

The Playhouse and the Play, by Percy MacKaye.
(The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.)

Mr. Opp, by Alice Regan Rice. (Century Co.
\$1.00.)

Cherub Divine, by Sewell Ford. (Mitchell & Ken-
nedy. \$1.50.)

Father Abraham, by Ida M. Tarbell. (Moffatt,
Vard & Co.)

A Royal Ward, by Percy Brebner. (Little, Brown
& Co. \$1.50.)

The Lure of Woodland and the Sea

THE lure of outdoor life is in the air. The fields,
the woods, the rivers and seas beckon. From
Labrador to Cape Hatteras resounds the call.
But where to go for pastimes, sport and recreation,
that's the question.

Do you know that Long Island abounds with more
delightful resorts and affords a greater variety of
scenery and sports than any territory of its size on
the Atlantic Coast?

Do you know that there are scores of places
along the shores of Long Island Sound that are as
beautiful and romantic as any scenery in the wilds
of Canada?

To get an adequate idea of the Island's varied attractions, its numerous resorts, its many modern summer hotels and boarding houses, you should secure a copy of this year's issue of the Long Island Railroad's Resort Book, sent on receipt of six cents by the General Passenger Agent, 263 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Sign Board of Civilization



Wherever you see this sign, it stands for civilization. It is the sign of one of the most powerful influences for broadening human intelligence.

The universal service of the Bell companies has provided it—has spread an even, highly developed civilization through the land. It has carried the newest impulses of development from town to town and from community to community.

Bell telephone service has brought the entire country up to the same instant of progress.

It has unified the Nation.

As soon as a new town springs up in the woods, on the plains, at the cross-roads, or walled in by mountains, the signpost of civilization is erected—the sign of the Bell. Telephone service puts the people of that town into communication with one another and

with the outside world.

It puts the town on the map.

You can see this march of progress right in your own neighborhood. Every little while some neighbor has a Bell telephone put in. If you have one, every new subscriber enlarges the scope of your personal contact. If you have not, every new telephone makes you the more isolated—the more cut off from the activities about you.

Just as individuals in your locality use the telephone for mutual convenience, so towns and cities in different localities are served and advanced by the long distance telephone.

Each contributes to, and benefits by, the broad universal service of the Bell.

The busy man who wants to accomplish more than he is now doing can well afford to make use of the Bell Long Distance service. It is the most efficient office assistant imaginable. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance station.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company
And Associated Companies

One Policy, One System, Universal Service



Mrs. Wren (indignantly): THE NERVE OF ANYONE THRUSTING THEIR WASTE PAPER INTO ONE'S VERY DOORWAY!

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NULIFE BOOK

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Breathe Yourself Back to Health

This valuable illustrated book
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FREE ON REQUEST

It shows and explains how Men,
Women and Children have re-
gained their health through deep
breathing. It tells how to expand
the chest, straighten round
shoulders and reduce a protrud-
ing abdomen.

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No. 13-15 W. 34th St., New York



LIFE

The Prudential

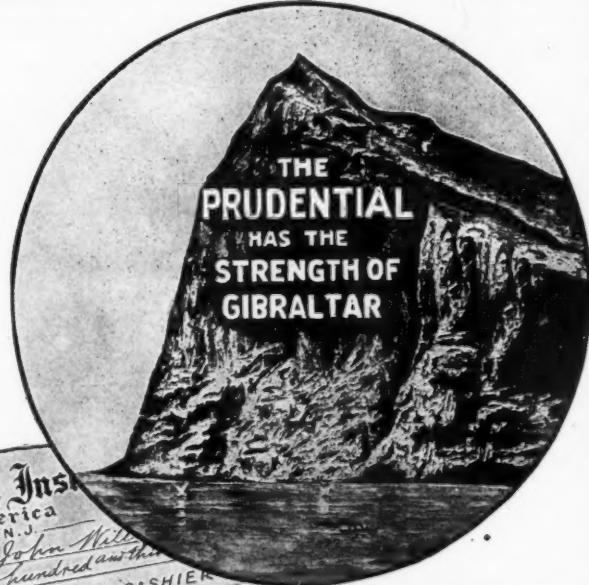
Newest Monthly Income Policy

Provides
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at Death
of Insured

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A
Monthly
Income
to the
Beneficiary for Life

Income is Paid for 20 years, in any case, even
though Beneficiary does not live that long.



**\$1230 cash, and
\$50 a month for Life
COSTS**

If Age of Insured is 30, and Age
of Beneficiary, 25,

\$221.40 per Year

An average saving of \$18.45
per month, NOW.

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Life Insurance
Protection ever
Offered to the
Family.

The one kind of Life
Insurance Policy of most prac-
tical value to women and
Children.

It is the policy your wife
would like, because it gives
her a **sure Monthly Income**
for Life.

This is the Safest Way to
leave your life insurance. The
Monthly Income cannot be
encumbered or depreciated.
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The Income can be arranged
for in Multiples of \$10 per
month, up.

Write for
Particulars and
Cost for You.

Give both your age and age
of beneficiary.

Address Dept. 55.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

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Tobacco to Go Next

DENVER, May 28.—Clergymen and laymen should not use tobacco, but it is not contrary to the principles of the Church for Presbyterian judges to grant saloon licenses. This was the decision of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church yesterday.—*Daily Paper*.

WHAT curious folks break into church conventions; folks, in particular, who have no idea of what concerns are properly secular and what are properly religious. Of course there is no such thing as a Presbyterian judge. A man may be a judge and also a Presbyterian, but he must by no means be a Presbyterian judge. His obligations as a Presbyterian and his duties as a judge are absolutely separate. Wouldn't you think that anybody who could read and write would know that?

The Assembly did not forbid tobacco to clergymen and laymen. It merely passed a resolution disapproving its use. No doubt it is only a matter of time when the Prohibitionists and the other more enthusiastic renovators of mankind will include tobacco in their list of *mala prohibita*. Tobacco costs a lot of money and probably isn't good for us, and when the ten-cent magazines really tackle it and show it up, no doubt it will be seen to be far more deleterious than soda biscuit, doughnuts, pie, pancakes or war. And we do smoke quite a lot nowadays!

Cigarettes are unlawful in some Western States, as it is. Oh pshaw! What good are half measures! We look to Maine for leading in these matters. When will Maine see its duty and put a no-tobacco clause in its constitution?

If Maine delays Kentucky may get the start of her. It has run and race-horses almost abolished now, and if it lays tobacco also on the altar of duty it will be another lap run toward perfection. Moreover, Kentucky is a very Presbyterian State, and likelier than Maine to take a suggestion from the General Assembly.

The Boy and the Car

WHEN a child is run over by a motor car a great many people feel that the driver of the car ought at once to be shot or clubbed to death.

There is, however, another side to the case.

Owing to the great number of drivers civilized chauffeurs are becoming more and more cautious. While there is no doubt reckless speeding, especially on the part of "joy" riders, it is by no means the order of the day. On the contrary, it is an exception to the rule. Most men who drive cars in these days have learned by experience the value of caution.

On the other hand, how about the children? The other day there was a distressing case of a boy who, intent upon a ball, stepped backward to get it, and was run over by a motor car which was proceeding slowly and cautiously. The man who drove the car could by no possibility have avoided the accident. The street was full of boys. He knew this, and was going slowly to avoid

them. Suddenly one of their number, standing on the sidewalk, turns half round and backs right in front of the wheels.

Boys at play are usually absorbed in their game. They are almost invariably reckless of consequences. To keep all cars off the streets on this account would be obviously unjust. To punish all drivers of cars or horses because boys dart unexpectedly in the way, is also unjust.

The boys ought to be kept off the city streets. Suitable playgrounds should be provided for them.



"HEY, BATTY! COME OVER HERE. THERE ARE TWICE AS MANY BUGS ON THE PLANTS IN OUR YARD."

"SH! THERE MAY BE SENSITIVE PLANTS ABOUT, AND YOU MIGHT HURT THEIR FEELINGS."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIII JUNE 24, 1909 No. 1391

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



SPEECH IS SILVER.
SILENCE IS GOLD

WE OUGHT by rights to have talked tariff and nothing else, just as long as Congress was busy with that subject. It is a subject that will justify all the talk that can be bestowed upon it, including the whole line of expletives and comminatory parts of speech. But the talk, to do good, should be specific and not loose. It should go into schedules

and arguments, and this is not the place nor quite the time for that. There seems, indeed, to be no place for it except in the *Congressional Record*, and not enough time for it even in Congress. At this writing the debate is still going on in the Senate, but neither fact nor argument has any perceptible effect on the details of the bill that is making. Mr. Dolliver or Mr. La Follette demonstrates that it is absurd to raise the tariff tax on razors, or something, and that all the arguments in favor of the raise are based on misinformation or assertions that are ridiculously untrue. Then it comes to a vote, and Mr. Aldrich's voters vote for the raise that Mr. Aldrich's Finance Committee has prescribed. Mr. Root takes an interest in lemons and has no trouble in showing that the raise in the tariff on lemons which the California lemon growers demand is pure extortion without excuse or reasonable basis of any sort. Mr. Root having won the debate on lemons, the Senatorial committee on competitive debate hands him the lemon as the

prize of his successful effort, and then votes for an increase in the duty on lemons which will make them cost five cents a dozen more in New York. The debate does not seem to affect the votes of the Senate at all. Lemons got a lift because the votes of the lemon Senators were needed to help the lumber Senators keep lumber off the free list, or the woolen Senators maintain the tariff tax on wool. All that the debate is doing is to provide ammunition for a war on the high tariff which is bound to come if the revision now in process does not take a downward slant before it becomes a law.

President Taft seems fully aware that there must be downward revision or trouble to come. Of the two he prefers downward revision, and will get that if he can, but he will not get much, and it is a bold prophet that predicts that he will get any. If he doesn't he will get other things—hard names, revilings and the like which are being laid up for him in considerable store by a ribald press. About the time this issue of *LIFE* comes out is the time that has been set for finishing the tariff and observing whether the Aldrich bill or the White House William comes out ahead. So watch out!

PRESIDENT TAFT has not picked out an Ambassador to London yet. Possibly the place might be put into commission to advantage. President Eliot seems not to covet it; perhaps if he had efficient help it might look more attractive to him. A commission made up of, say, himself, ex-President Tucker of Dartmouth, and the Hon. John W. Gates, would surely handle all the responsibilities of the place with ease and vigor. Drs. Eliot and Tucker could talk and Mr. Gates could back their statements, finance the commission and attend to the sporting responsibilities of the embassy. This seems to us a good thought. But if the practice of concentrating the duties of the place in one person is to be continued, there is the Hon. Sam McCall of Massachusetts, who would be fairly suitable in all particulars. Now that Dartmouth has a new and young presi-

dent, Mr. McCall might dare to emerge from Congress and see the world.

Meanwhile times are better but living is high and hard. Perhaps the Prohibitionists are more nearly on the right track and deserve more encouragement than we have heretofore supposed. They are making some progress in helping us to save the money we were used to spend for rum. If now they will go on and prohibit tobacco, automobiles, peach basket hats, travel and education we may come nearer to living on what we have. If there is not to be a downward revision of the tariff, the Prohibitionists and the Consumers will have to get together.



D. R. EDWARD EVERETT HALE was one of the most delightful and successful persons in the world. Everybody is sorry that he has gone out of it, but there is very little else to mourn about, so far as concerns him, unless it is that he didn't devote somewhat more of his energies to writing his best, and somewhat less to good works. He was a very good writer and has left some remarkable stories, but his contributions to literature were by-products, his main business being to live and preach and teach, and make the world better and the folks in it kinder and more sensible. There was no nonsense in him; no cant; little or no dogma; he spent himself for others all his life, and bothered very little about his own talents. And yet nobody ever seemed to be sorry for him for being so self-neglectful. He made it appear that he liked the life he led, and undoubtedly he did like it, and one of the greatest services he did was to demonstrate that his way of living was one of the best and most advantageous ways to live. He spent himself freely as he went along. That method is somewhat abhorrent to thrift, but he spent a vast deal of himself and had the fun of spending it, and got a great deal for it, and now there will be no trouble about his will.

There are great compensations about that method to the individual who follows it as Dr. Hale did, and great advantages to his fellow travelers on the road.



NO HARM DONE

Old Gentleman: YOU IDIOT, YOU THICK-HEADED NUMSKULL! THIS ISN'T THE TREE I TOLD YOU TO CUT DOWN. IT WAS THAT ONE.
The New Man: O—OH! THAT ONE. GOLLY, BOSS! YO' DIDDEN' COME ROUN' ONE MINNIT TOO SOON.

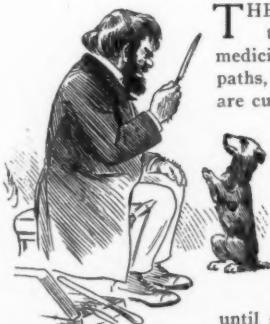
Apparently Not

THE public is told, on the highest authority, that the most precious discoveries in medicine are due to vivisection. Yet the osteopaths, who have nothing to do with vivisection, are curing every day diseases in which medical doctors are powerless.

Which seems to indicate that the gayety of nations is not entirely dependent upon vivisection.

Etiquette

"**A**LWAYS rise when a lady enters the car, and remain standing until she is seated—and generally a long time afterward."



Rearing Children

THE custom of leaving inheritances in trust goes a long way toward solving the problem of rearing children. Formerly it was thought best to educate children so they could take up affairs where their fathers left off, or even before.

This is no longer necessary, and schools may soon be disbanded altogether, for now a child need know nothing but chorus girls and best-sellers in order to live a happy and contented life. As for knowing anything about affairs, perish the thought. They need not soil their hands with mundane matters beyond endorsing checks occasionally, and even this may be turned over to private secretaries.

Thus will future generations become specialized spending cells, able to live off incomes or, if whimsical, off the interest of incomes, the source of which need not obtrude themselves upon their consciousnesses.

It is a gay prospect.

Ellis O. Jones.



GARDEN SUGGESTIONS

SOME HARDY ANNUALS

Our Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,273.49
Mrs. Robert Graham Dun.....	10.00
"Cash".....	100.00
"Cash".....	5.00
Prescott, Benjamin, Willis and Thomas L. Childs, Jr.....	5.00
B. E. Denham.....	2.50
P. Gadebusch.....	10.00
Marguerite Presbrey.....	1.00
John D. Crimmins.....	5.00
Mrs. N. T. Porter, Jr.....	10.00
H. W. P.....	25.00
Theodore R. Hoyt.....	10.00
"Frances".....	10.00
W. A. O. Paul.....	10.00
G. P. M.....	10.00
Mrs. L. C. Bullard.....	6.00
Jim Eleanor and Polly.....	10.00
"In Memory of Nathaniel Witherell".....	50.00
Geo. W. Reily.....	10.00
Proceeds from a market conducted for the benefit of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund by nine little girls: Margaret Endsley, Mary Greer, Marion Kaylor, Helen Kaylor, Rebecca Stackhouse, Catherine Weaver, Josephine Weaver, Florence Denham, Catharine Heckman.....	46.48
W. A. Dusenbury.....	10.00
Katherine E. Adams.....	5.00
"A Friend".....	100.00
Edwin Gould.....	100.00
Alfred G. Vanderbilt.....	100.00
C. G. B.....	25.00
Caroline Choate Kendall.....	10.00
"B".....	10.00
John Alsop King.....	15.00
S. H. Vandergrift.....	10.00
F. S. Hoppin.....	5.00
Caswell W. Stoddard.....	10.00
Eugene T. Bogert.....	5.00
"In Memory of Mother".....	5.00

"Cash".....
Mrs. Edward Morgan.....
Herbert C. Pell.....
John R. Vanderlip.....
Ralph D. Whiting.....
"Cash".....
"Astoria".....
Thomas Sharp.....
Sophie Cary Storer.....
John Hawkesworth.....
\$3,157.47

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Various highly acceptable odds and ends from Messrs. Alexander Taylor & Co., of 16 East Forty-second street, this city.

Mathematical Philosophy

AXIOM

THE whole of man's character should be greater than any of his eccentricities.

DEFINITIONS

If one great soul comprehends another great soul the result is friendship.

A person whose stupidity is greater than a right amount is called obtuse.

A person who is bounded by straight lines of conduct, having all the corners of his character right, is called square.

If the opposite sides of a quarrel are right and of equal value the matter is a right tangle.

THEOREMS

A chord of sympathy is the shortest distance between two hearts.

The product of the golden means of life is always greater than the extremes.

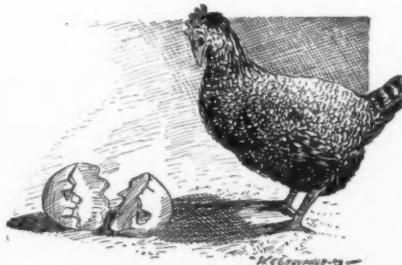
The value of a man's influence is equal to the area of his character multiplied by his common sense.

The area of a man's smile is equal to the product of his good humor times his sympathy.

Two opposing wills will never meet, however far they may be extended.

A good life is bounded by a curved line, every point of which is equally distant from a point within, called the conscience.

Mary S. Taylor.



A VISIT TO THE OLD HOME

Copyright 1909 by Life Publishing Company



THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

Jerome, the Evader

THE District Attorney's campaign of excuses opened merrily. Mr. Jerome's chief weapons seem to be brass and a thick hide, and they are indeed mighty. So far as plain truth is concerned, Mr. Cronin hit the Evader in the solar plexus the other night when he said:

"I have not denounced you and all your assistants as crooks, Mr. District Attorney, but I believe I voice the sentiments of a great mass of voters in this city, who supported you for District Attorney—and I am one of them—when I say they believe, and have reason to believe, that under your administration of the District Attorney's office there has been one law for the rich and another for the poor."

And the applause shook the hall.

Which seems to indicate that even this Artful Dodger cannot fool some of the people all the time.

THE average matrimonial team consists of a leading lady and a general utility man.

Applause

THE most powerful intoxicant known. The thirst for it is to a greater or less extent the undoing of all men and some angels; while as for women, the merest taste of it causes them to leave undone the things which they ought to do, and to do the things which ought never to be done.

The wise it makes easy marks, easy marks it makes easier. Yet always he who resorteth to applause may perish by applause, for none knows when his destruction cometh.

By right of our Puritan origins we should shun the open disgrace of praise to the face, but, alas! we do not, and there is no help in us. Delirious delectability beguiles us wholly, and we are stung before we know it.

Ramsey Benson.

THE NEW BUTLER: I beg pardon, sir. Would you mind my keeping a private auto of me own, sir, to use when I'm not wanted, sir? I find the fresh air chirks me up a bit!

The Prodigal's Philosophy

"MID pleasures and palaces,
Tho' we may roam,"
When the stomach is empty,
"There's no place like home."

VOLUBLE LADY: Do you want to see me again, doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I don't want to, but it's business.



THE PITCHER PLANT

Departmental Ditties

BY HARRY GRAHAM

Table Manners

On the question of behavior when At Table,
 There is much that proves perplexing to the mind:
 Should we eat, that is, as much as we are able?
 Should we drink as much as nature feels inclined?
 Is it right to use a spoon to swallow curry?
 Is it wrong to use a knife for eating cheese?
 There is scope for much embarrassment and worry
 In such knotty points as these.

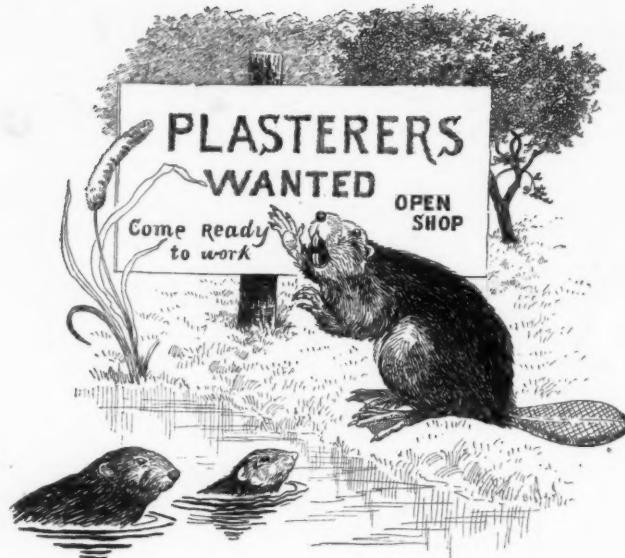
Of the businesses of eating and of drinking,—
 Which are separate, distinctive, well-defined,—
 There is no one but must acquiesce in thinking
 That these functions should by no means be *combined*,
 Since the man who fills his mouth with beef or pheasant,
 And proceeds to sluice it down with bitter beer,
 Is a person whom at meals it isn't pleasant
 For his fellows to sit near.

Save for purposes of casual conversation,
 You should always keep your mouth shut when you chew,
 For the processes of oral mastication
 Are not suitable for popular review,
 And it shows a lack of manners or of breeding
 To make noises like an infant with the croup
 Or adopt a loud and blatant mode of feeding,
 When ingurgitating soup.

Then, again, we do not need to be instructed,
 That our victuals must not ever be *inhaled*,
 And that no one who is properly conducted,
 Will be guilty of the scandal thus entailed,
 When a burst of unpremeditated laughter
 Sends the glass of rare old port that you imbibe
 Coursing lungwards—and the scene that follows after
 'Twere not fitting to describe!



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS-GREEN



"COME ON, BOYS. HERE'S A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY"

*Let me tell you of my favorite Aunt Anna,
 Who (though eighty) is alert and full of fun;
 She inhaled the greater part of a banana
 When at luncheon once I chanced to make a pun.
 All in vain the doctors probed and ordered massage,
 The banana is imbedded like a bung
 In my poor relation's pulmonary passage
 And deprives her of a lung!*

If you seek a second helping from the "slavey."
 Should you leave the knife and fork upon your plate
 When the handles will be smeared with grease and gravy—
 Or retain them in your clutches while you wait?
 O, my Readers, pray be open to persuasion,
 And admit (what I have preached for many years),
 That the knife and fork on ev'ry such occasion
 Should be placed *behind the ears*.

If asparagus or artichokes be handed,
 Do not view them with a terror-stricken eye,
 Nor permit yourself a coward to be branded
 By allowing such a dish to pass you by.
 Ev'ry stick (or leaf) when dipt in melted butter
 Should be held between the finger-tips with grace,
 And then flung without a tremor or a flutter
 Through the port-hole of your face

Never scatter bits of food upon your clothing;
 Never harbor mashed potatoes in your beard;
 You will find that people gaze at you with loathing.
 If some spinach to your eyebrow has adhered,
 Last of all (I mean it kindly, Gentle Reader),
 If you cannot keep your fingers off a bone,—
 If, in fact, you are a gross or careless feeder,—
 You had better feed alone!



"GEORGE, DEAREST, WE REALLY MUST BE MOVING; WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A STORM IN A MINUTE."



"TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS"



WHAT TO WEAR
(IN A NEW JERSEY GARDEN)

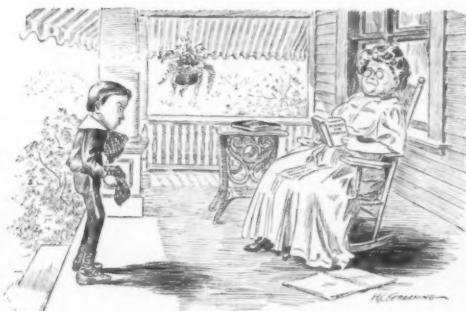
A Growing Love

MR. AND MRS. MARRIED BLISS were both growing very plump, and every effort to reduce weight had proved fruitless, and their discontent with their failure was pathetic.

"It is too bad," said a mutual friend to a sympathetic physician. "The Blisses are so fond of each other and used to be so graceful and slender when they were first married."

"Ah, well!" replied the physician. "Think how much more they are to each other now."

A WORD to the wise is not only sufficient; it is altogether too much.



"DID YOU HAVE A PLEASANT TIME AT THE PICNIC, RONALD? I TRUST THAT YOU REMEMBERED TO FLETCHERIZE, AND MASTICATED EACH MOUTHFUL ONE HUNDRED TIMES."

"YES'M, AN' WHILE I WAS CHEWIN' MY FIRST BITE THE OTHER BOYS ET UP ALL THE GRUB."



THE PLACE WE'RE ALL LOOKING FOR



Husband's Correspondence Bureau

IT cannot be emphasized too often that the real object of this bureau is to bring all husbands together, to promote, so to speak, a feeling of sympathy for each other's sufferings until (under our guidance) the causes of the unrest have been removed.

We ask patience on the part of subscribers. This is not a miracle factory. Here, for example, is the sort of a letter that hurts us deeply:

DEAR SIRS: I have been taking your treatment for two weeks, and there is absolutely nothing doing. Yesterday my wife went out and bought a mushroom hat several acres in area, and calmly informed me that the price was sixty dollars. And to cap the climax, she said she bought it to wear to a suffragette meeting. Now, wouldn't that get on your nerves! Where are your boasted remedies? And what am I to do?

Yours,

Dear friend, if you expect to cure your wife of such tendencies in two weeks you have entirely misconceived the possibilities of this bureau. Our small, modest, inexpensive hat treatment takes at least six months. As for suffragettes, we don't guarantee to cure it. We can usually ameliorate its effects, as we will do in your case if you will only give us a chance. Have a little faith. In six months' time you will begin to get results. If not, we will cheerfully refund your money.

We want to call the attention of all our prospective customers (and even present patrons) to our club rates. In many towns it often happens that husbands are afflicted by the same class of evils. Now by making up a club we can give you cheaper rates. If all the women are playing bridge in your town we will treat them at club rates for a membership over ten. That is to say, every membership for a specific purpose like this, with over ten members, will receive a discount of ten per cent. from our regular rates. From fifteen to twenty, ten per cent. in addition, and so on, up to forty. Our experience is that no club over forty in number is safe. We had a club of fifty, but before we could secure any positive results they got impatient, and as they were all banded together they caused a riot in the town and the police had



ELIZABETH IN HER GERMAN GARDEN

to be called in, with the result that local sympathy all went with the wives and it was impossible for us to treat them successfully.

Here is a letter that will appeal to a vast number:

DEAR BUREAU: Two months ago my wife secured a divorce from me, and as I immediately married a young and very pretty girl, I felt that I would have no further need of your bureau. Now, however, please put me down once more as a regular subscriber. And I should like to arrange to pay you in installments, when the treatment begins to work. At present I am a trifle short of ready cash.

Please remember that we are making continuous progress. We are always right up-to-date. No husband can afford to do without us. Even if you think you are happy better join and be on the safe side. You will need us some day.

Here is a list of some of our latest additions to ailments that we cure:

Wife who insists upon running your motor car.

Wife who reads short stories aloud from the magazines.

Wife who entertains celebrities.

Wife who, when she has a dispute with a servant, expects to have you stand up for her, although you secretly agree with the servant.

Wife who makes knitted silk cravats.

Wife who reads papers before a woman's club.

Wife who will spend \$250 on a gown, but is too timid to have made to order a pair of corsets to fit her, because they are too expensive.

Wife who has chronic house-decorating fever.

Address,
HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.



THE BUTTERFLY AND THE GRUB



LABORING UNDER A BIG MISTAKE

Boston's Superhuman Intelligence

OF Boston's new labyrinth, connecting subway and tunnel in Haymarket square, the *Transcript* says:

You may wander beneath ground from pillar to post in a maze that covers about an acre and a quarter, and every time you will fetch up just where you want to go. This is a most orderly tangle of entrances, exits, tracks, platforms, fences, rows of columns and sub-subways, which has been created by engineering skill in the catacombs of the modern Athens, hardly less intricate and extensive than those of ancient Rome.

Observations taken by a visitor from New York in the Boston subway last month induced the conviction that it took superhuman intelligence in any passenger to get the car he wanted. It was further noticed that the native passengers did get the cars they wanted and got them promptly and without excessive mental effort, showing that the quality of intelligence required was kept in stock by the ordinary population of Boston.

Summer Travel

MRS. GOODHART: All the way from Chicago! Didn't you find it very hot traveling?

DUSTY TRAX: Not at all madam; I always take a refrigerator-car in the summer.

Shakespeare-Bacon

SOME hold that Francis Bacon wrote The plays we tag with Shakespeare's name, And cabalistic dreams they quote With cipher codes to prove their claim; But grant that Bacon chose to bind On Shakespeare's brow his own green bays; He donned the mask—why look behind? He had his game—we have the plays. Beyond the peaceful stars, mayhap, The twice-bought judge in wig and gown Reviles the merry player-chap, And bids him yield the poet's crown. If Bacon's spirit makes a fuss, What mirth must move the cherubim! He tried to play a joke on us— I rather guess the joke's on him!

—Arthur Guiterman.

MRS. BAKER: How can you afford to pay five dollars to join the village card club?

MRS. BARKER: Because, then I don't have to pay five dollars for the village newspaper.



"WELL, MR. BUG, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?"
"CHARMING, MISS LIGHTER! BUT WHY HIDE YOUR LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL?"

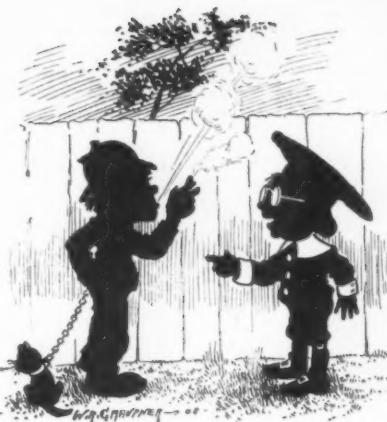
Nature

BECAUSE Nature is the greatest of all bores, such that men shun her sedulously, we have cities.

Because of cities there are such things as big money in real estate, smart sets, opera, municipal corruption—in short, civilization, that priceless boon without which life wouldn't be worth living, commercially speaking, at least.

Let us not forget what we owe to Nature, then. If she is now and then permitted to become the fashion that is no more than her due.

R. B.



"MY FATHER HAS A POCKETKNIFE WITH SEVEN BLADES AND ONE CORKSCREW."
"THAT'S NOTHIN', MY UNCLE IN KENTUCKY'S GOT ONE WITH SEVEN CORKSCREWS."

Of the Right Sort

IN a recent business letter to LIFE occurs this self-explanatory passage: Altho I am a Jew and a teacher of things Jewish, nevertheless I see the humor and fairness of nearly everything you print.



THE BEET OF THE DRUM

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W.M. Waud 1909

DULL CARE: THIS IS CO



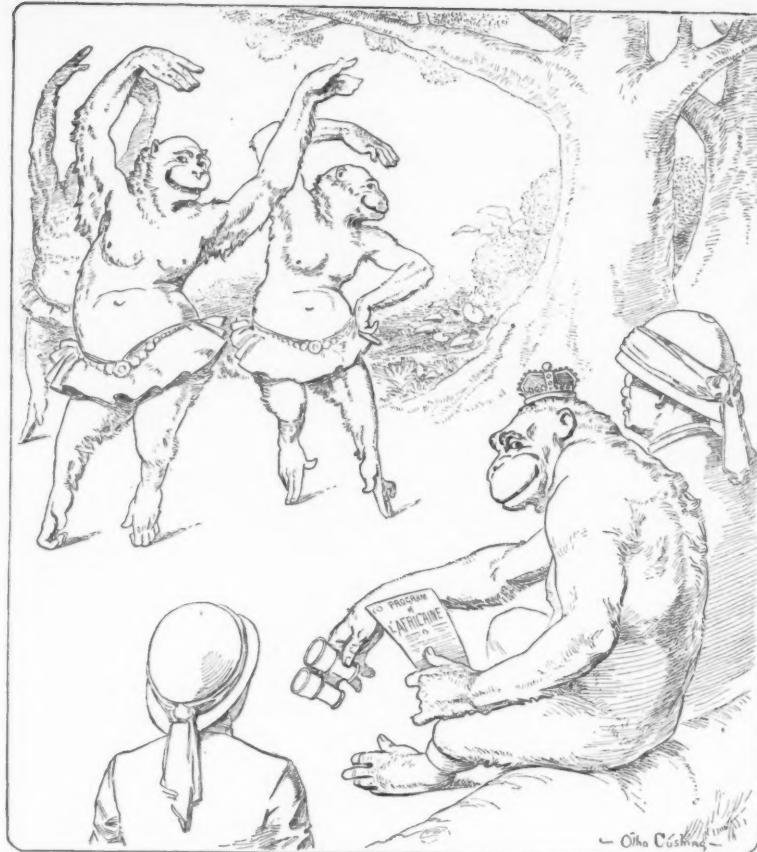
THIS IS COUNTRY FOR ME!

A Man's Country for Women

England is a man's, not a woman's, country.—*Price Collier.*

BUT which is the more satisfactory to women, the man's or the woman's country? It is admitted by the experts that these United States are woman's Paradise, but Englishmen have no particular trouble in extraditing our women from it. American women who are rich enough to afford themselves the luxury of English husbands keep on taking them and going to England to live in a man's country. The opposite thing is done sometimes, but not often. Now and then an Englishwoman of good social station, but modest or deficient fortune, marries an American man, and comes home with him, and lives here in the woman's Paradise, mitigating her experiences of it by frequent revisits to the man's country. But that happens seldom, whereas the other thing happens constantly.

It is a fair inference that our women like the man's country best. They also seem to like a country where they are tolerated as social inferiors who have been let in for business reasons better than the country which is reputed to exist for them. Moreover, the American women who acquire the habit of having English husbands usually keep on with it to the end. If they lose one English husband by divorce or death they are



The King: HEY, KERMIT, CAN YOU BEAT 'EM ON BROADWAY?

much more apt to take another than to marry an American.

These interesting facts point to the conclusion that there is something about a man's country that just suits women. We guess it is the men. Men who exist for women seem not to be so attractive to women as men who expect women to exist for them. Moreover and further: Men who are bossed by women, even first-class women, seem not to attain to a good development, whereas women who are bossed by first-class men do seem to develop fully and admirably.

Given Without the Asking

MRS. HENNPECKE: What do you mean, sir, by telling Mrs. Torker's husband you never ask my advice about anything?

HENNPECKE: Well, Marie, I don't; you don't wait to be asked.

A MAN cannot make a hit by continually shooting off his mouth.



AN ELECTRIC PLANT

Farmer Bird: GOSH! WHAT KIND OF A FLOWER IS THAT?

City Bird: OH, THAT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHT-BLOOMING PLANTS!

LIFE'S Great Marathon Race

Nothing Like It Known in This Town for Years. The Winners.

III

LAST Thursday morning Broadway was a mass of expectant humanity. The great Marathon race for LIFE'S Cup was on. The starters were as follows:

Hall Caine,
Elinor Glynn,
Robert Chambers,
Rudyard Kipling,
Mark Twain,
George Ade,
Henry James,
Bernard Shaw,
Alfred Austin.

There were a number of other entries, but several backed out at the last moment when they heard that they would have to stop writing for a year.

The start was from Mark Twain's



Indignant Landlord: MADAM, YOU TOLD ME THERE WERE BUT TWO IN YOUR FAMILY WHEN YOU TOOK THE LEASE.

"THAT'S TRUE. THAT'S ALL THERE WERE, THEN."

house in Connecticut. The finish at LIFE Building.

Hall Caine led the bunch for the first three miles. Elinor Glynn, however, was crowding him close, and it looked like a cinch for *Three Weeks*. Bernard Shaw's whiskers were dragging on the ground at the end of the first quarter. Bob Chambers, George Ade and Rudyard Kipling were running neck and neck. Alfred Austin was doing well until he stopped to cool his fevered brow at the Jerome Park reservoir. But he leaned over too far. It is understood that the city of New York will sue him for falling in.

Mark Twain began to show up well in the last quarter. He was running easily, and was greeted with whirlwinds of applause all along the line. At Harlem he had caught Elinor. Hall Caine was breathing hard. In the mean time Bernard Shaw, who had been feeding on celery, hove in sight, and rapidly came

to the front. He passed Caine at Forty-second street.

The race now became very exciting. It was impossible to say who would win.

Some one tossed Mark a Pittsburg stogie, and grasping it firmly between his teeth it seemed to give him new life.

LIFE Building was in sight, "While there's LIFE there's hope" flaunting in the breeze.

You could have heard a meteor drop, the silence was so intense. The three leaders, running easily, were in sight of the goal.

Suddenly Elinor Glynn began to waver. It looked like an open and shut for Bernard Shaw and Mark Twain.

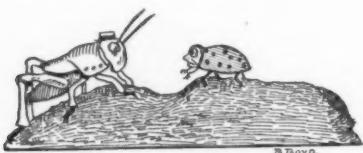
Moved by a simultaneous impulse, however—for they are both gentlemen—they sprang to her side and, each taking an arm, they carried her in between them. It was dangerous, but they did it.

The race was therefore a tie, the cup being awarded to Mark Twain, Elinor Glynn and Bernard Shaw. Each of them will keep it four months out of the year until further notice.

When last seen Hall Caine was in tears.

"It's hard enough to lose," he sobbed, "but to think I am barred out of writing anything for a year! What will become of the world without me to teach it!"

HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," said Wordsworth, and we lie about Heaven the rest of the time.



"HAVE A CARE, SIR, HOW YOU ADDRESS ME. I AM A LADY-BUG."

"PLEASE ROW A LITTLE FASTER, HORACE, DEAR, AND DON'T LET THAT HORRID MR. SIMPKINS PASS US. YOU KNOW HE HAS FOUR TO ROW, WHILE YOU ONLY HAVE THREE."



IT is a distinct disappointment to have to record that, considered merely from the standpoint of the casual reader, to whom an individual story is a separate and unrelated adventure, Frank Danby's new novel, *Sebastian*, offers neither sentimental nor aesthetic satisfaction. It is the story of a woman's misplaced confidence in her own false estimates of life; an untragic tragedy whose characters are not only true, as we say, "to life," but true with that rarer truth to their own natures in their individual development; yet a story that, after repeatedly exhausting, and as often renewing, its own interest, leads at the last, temptingly enough, nowhither. On the other hand, those who have followed Mrs. Frankau's creative evolution from *Pigs in Clover* onward will see in the inconclusiveness of *Sebastian* but the hesitation of artistic readjustment, and can confidently advise those who have not yet done so to read her last book, *The Heart of a Child*, and to watch expectantly for her next.

IT is some time since a story of accentuated and abnormal incident has so thoroughly fulfilled the conditions necessary to its acceptance as does Mary Roberts Rhinehart's *The Man in Lower Ten*. Roughly speaking, this tale is half-brother to a detective-story and first cousin to a novel of adventure; but on both sides it belongs to a class of fiction whose first requirement is that it should develop enough momentum in its readers to enable them unhesitatingly to leap those gaps in probability that no amount of care can quite eliminate. This yarn is full of these. It is quite possible that, on looking back, one may marvel at one's having negotiated them. But from the initial impetus to the final pause there is neither time nor occasion for holding back, and the brightness of the telling persists in the memory after the futility of the tale has been forgotten.

MRS. ALICE HEGAN RICE has, in *Mr. Opp*, performed for our benefit an entomological experiment familiar to our childhood. She has caught a grotesque and helplessly blunder-headed beetle, transfix it with a pin, and asks us now to laugh at the humor of its antics and now to weep over the pathos of its incapacity. Mr. Opp, as a human beetle, would in his free state, if we can imagine an imaginary character un-

• LIFE •

caught by its author, have been both pathetic and amusing. His persistent search for the apparently non-existent, and his ineradicable habit of falling on his back and being unable to turn over, would undoubtedly have induced in us an unthinking amusement and a passing wonder as to the carefulness of the Creator. But, caught, confined and exploited by Mrs. Rice, these appeals to our emotions are chiefly productive of resentment.

A RECENT writer upon animal psychology has said of the two schools of naturalists that of recent years have divided public allegiance between them, that the one represented by Mr. John Burroughs and the one represented by Dr. William Long are equally mistaken from the standpoint of science. Mr. Hugo Munsterberg, in his timely and illuminative volume upon *Psychotherapy*, without making the statement quite so concisely, unequivocally implies a similar agreement in error between the school of healing represented by Christian Science and that of medico-sentimentalism based on hypnotic traffic with the subliminal consciousness. Professor Munsterberg occupies a leading position in that newest branch of what is sometimes called the New Psychology, namely, in the experimental science of the psychological laboratory and in the tentative application of its discoveries to the uses of daily life. It is not for any layman to pass upon the validity or upon the value of his work; but one may testify to the clearer co-ordination of the surface aspects of many complex but fascinating problems which a reading of his book has brought about.

SAVAGE is the title of a most amusing collection of verse by Mr. Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch*. Once in a blue moon Mr. Seaman publishes a small volume of parody and humor, and these little books invariably offer to American readers the double pleasure of laughter and surprise—laughter in response to the writer's wit, and surprise at finding that fun can bear itself so courtlywise. American humor, God bless it, still loves to sit in its shirt-sleeves, even if it sometimes refrains from doing so, and a twinkle in academic eyes is unexpected.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Sebastian, by Frank Danby. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
The Man in Lower Ten, by Mary Roberts Rhinehart. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

Mr. Opp, by Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Company. \$1.00.
Psychotherapy, by Hugo Munsterberg. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.
Salvage, by Owen Seaman. Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.



Mr. Tom Tit: HEY! MISTER, DON'T YOU SEE THAT SIGN, OR CAN'T YOU READ ENGLISH?

At the Card Club

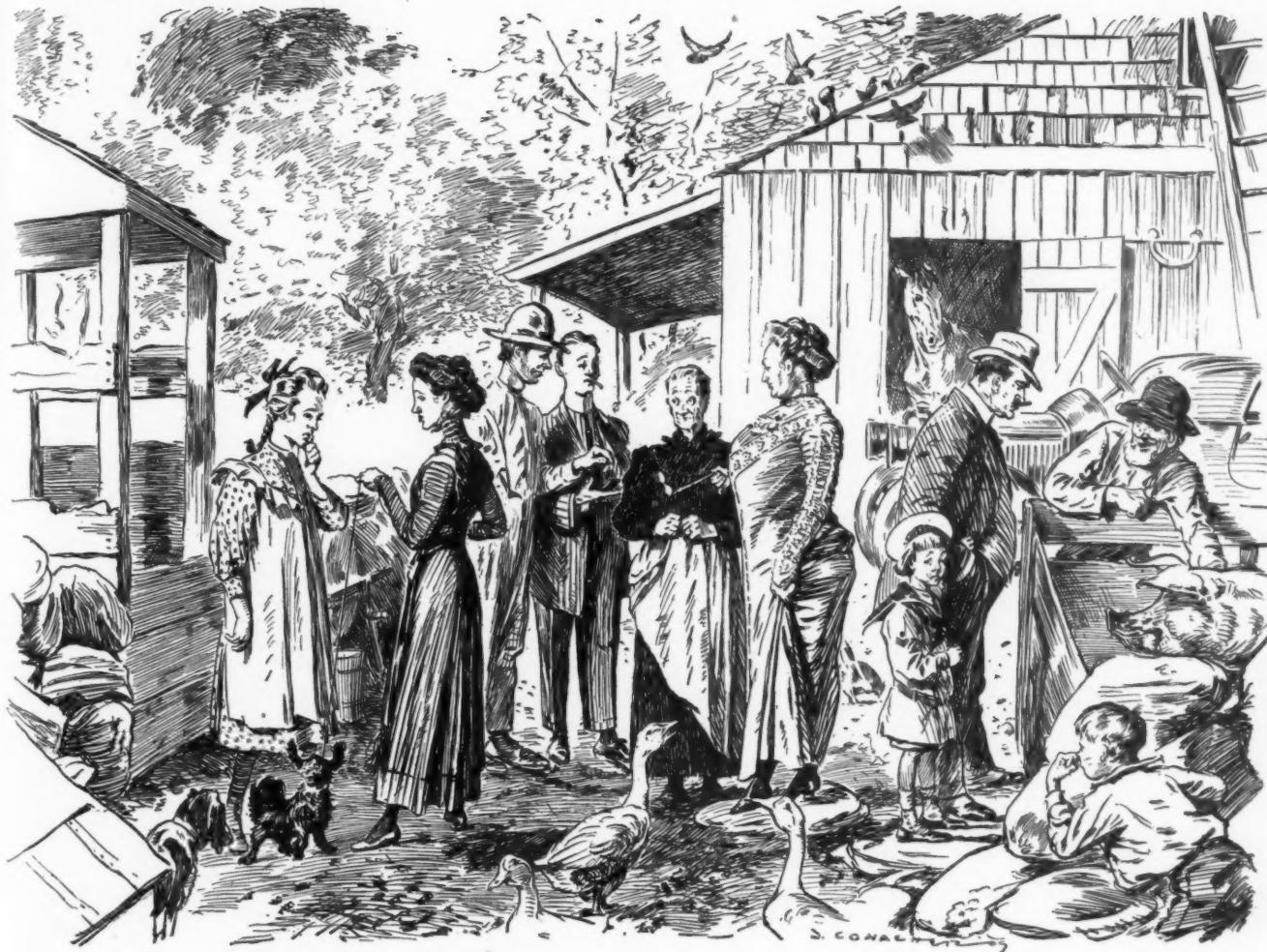
FIRST BRIDGE FIEND: Mrs. Thompson has fainted away!

SECOND BRIDGE FIEND: How provoking of her! She might have waited until she was dummy.

THE danger of putting up a bluff is our liability to fall over it.



QUEEN OF THE MAY



THAT VISIT TO THE DE-EAR OLD FOLKS ON THE FARM

They Could Not Move Her

ICANNOT permit it!"

The young American daughter regarded her parents sternly, and with a proper admixture of concern.

"I am very sorry," she said, "that it is necessary for me to be strict with you, but there is too evident a disposition on your part to take advantage of your opportunities. Why, papa, it was only last week that you and mamma would have sneaked off to see Salome, if I hadn't stopped you."

"Don't you think I ought to have some pleasure?" said her papa meekly.

"Nothing that will injure you. Only such advanced minds as mine can stand that sort of thing. Besides, you are both

prone to sensationalism. You bring comic supplements into the house regardless of my wishes. Mamma, here, I know, has a secret longing for Elinor Glynn's works. How can you expect me to keep you away from all these evil influences when you deliberately disobey me?"

"But you indulge in them yourself," replied her mother with a hurt expression.

"Now, isn't that just such an argument as I might have expected that you would use? Of course I indulge in them myself. I am obliged to keep abreast of the times. Besides, these things do me no harm. I understand their significance. I am able to assimilate them properly. Now, my dear parents, I trust

I shall not have to speak to you again about such an important matter."

But her dear papa was still not satisfied.

"You see, dear," he said, "don't you really think it is a little unfair? For when I was your age things were different from what they are now. We weren't allowed to do the things then, and now it cuts us off altogether."

But the daughter was obdurate.

"Why," she replied, "should you blame me merely because since your time the world has advanced? Run along, like good parents, and play with these nature blocks, while I get ready to prepare my paper on the sex question for the next meeting of the civics club."



Philosophy

If there's no sun, I still can have the moon;
If there's no moon, the stars my needs suffice;
And if they fail, I have my evening lamp;
Or, lampless, there's my trusty tallow dip;
And if the dip goes out, my couch remains
Where I may sleep and dream there's light again.
—Harper's Weekly.

Far as He Got

HELEN: Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him!

MYRTLE: Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something!—Modern Society.

THERE is excuse for hesitancy in accepting proffered information under extraordinary conditions. "All the latest popular novels!" sang out the train boy. Then, holding out a copy of "The Guest of Quesnay" to a prosperous looking passenger, he urged: "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest work, sir?" The man looked annoyed. "No! I am Booth Tarkington himself!" "Then buy a copy of 'Three Weeks,'" persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"—Argonaut.

THE HUSBAND: Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse men than me in the world.

THE WIFE: Oh, Tom, how can you be so bitter?—The Sketch.

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IKEY: Vat is a promoter?

FATHER OF IKE: A promoter is von who vill supply der ocean if some von else vill furnish der ships.—Princeton Tiger.



THE PRACTICAL JOKER'S LAUGH

"FISHING permitted—'twill be no crime then should I land a couple."

"Nae crime, sir; but a miracle."—Sketch.

Teachers

We all love our teachers. That's the reason we pay them so little. A labor of, by, and for love is a noble thing, and we should not debase those whom we love by offering too much filthy lucre.

We do not want our teachers to be stung by the money-bee. Nor are we entirely unselfish in this. If they were so stung, they might communicate the infection to our spotless children, whom we would not make purse-proud for anything in the world except to show that they are better off than those of our neighbors.

Teachers should struggle to make both ends meet. Only thus can they set the divine example. If there is to be any wage-cut, due to the industrial depression, it should begin at the bulwark of our liberties, whether it be the little red schoolhouse on the hill, or the big, ill-ventilated, unsanitary education emporium in our cities.—Lip-pincott's.

A Resemblance Noted

"What do you think of tariff revision?"

"Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "it strikes me that the tariff is a good deal like the weather. No matter what kind you get, it's pretty sure to be bad for somebody's business."—Washington Star.

CUSTOMER: Give me a bottle of Dopem's Stomach Bitters.

DRUGGIST: We haven't any in stock, madam, but here's something just as bad.—Cleveland Leader.

Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England. AGENTS, Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saarbach's News Exchanges, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W. London; 9, Rue St. Georges, Paris; 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

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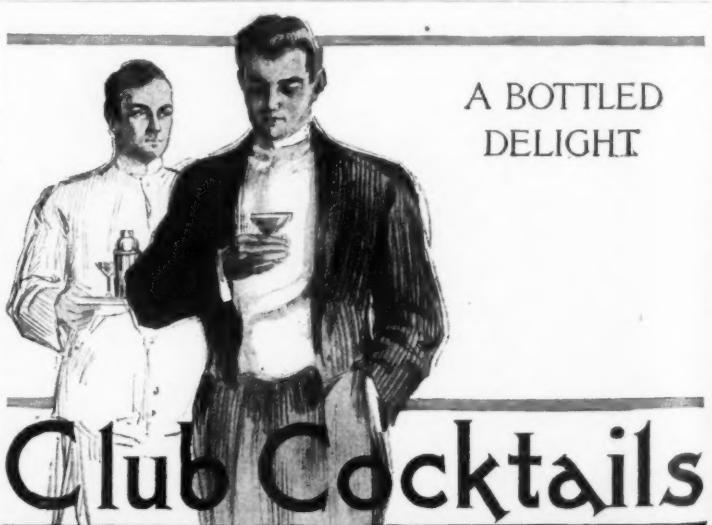
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It is all well enough to have birthdays in early life, but after sixty I think the thing might as well be hushed up. If one had made the best possible use of the sixty years, and so made them seem short for the immense burden of golden fruit he was bending under, then the case would be—different. Well, perhaps there is some way of making that which seems sometimes to us utter failure a sort of success. The great disadvantage we humans labor under is beginning life young, without experience. If we could only begin at the other end—begin at seventy, and live the other way, how beautifully we could have lived and what babies we should have ended with. But nature didn't arrange it so, perhaps couldn't, and so we begin doing everything we ought not to do, too much, and everything we ought to do, too little, until we find we have made a botch of what might have been a success, if we had not been born so young.—Theo. Brown, "Letters."

Blessed be childhood, which brings down something of heaven into the midst of our rough earthliness. These eighty thousand daily births, of which statistics tell us, represent as it were an effusion of innocence and freshness, struggling not only against the death of the race but against human corruption, and the universal gangrene of sin. All the good and wholesome feeling which is intertwined with childhood and the cradle is one of the secrets of the providential government of the world. Suppress this life-giving dew, and human society would be scorched and devastated by selfish passion. Supposing that humanity had been composed of a thousand millions of immortal beings, whose number could neither increase nor diminish, where should we be! A thousand times more learned, no doubt, but a thousand times more evil. There would have been a vast accumulation of science, but all the virtues engendered by suffering and devotion—that is to say, by the family and society—would have no existence. And for this there would be no compensation.

Blessed be childhood for the good that it does, and for the good which it brings about carelessly and unconsciously by simply making us love it and letting itself be loved. What little of paradise we see still on earth is due to its presence among us.—Amiel's Journal.

"Quaint Cape Cod"

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Before you decide where to go this summer, send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free.

Write A. B. Smith, G. P. A.,
 Room 185, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

A TRAIN FOR EVERYBODY.

Convenience, comfort, time, and cost are essential considerations in travel. For the business man, the fastest train with its additional appointments is a necessity. To the tourist traveling for pleasure, or the family, the slower train, with the same comforts and conveniences of first-class railway travel, appeals.

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The busy man uses the "Pennsylvania Special" between New York and Chicago because it makes the run in eighteen hours, and its schedule does not interfere with office work.

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There are also express trains on fast schedules with sleeping cars, dining cars and coaches, between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Cleveland, which leave at convenient hours and provide high grade accommodations.

The dining car service of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been long and favorably known for its excellence, and the scenic attractions of the route are unexcelled.

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Mr. Possum: THE IDEA OF RIDING ON THOSE HARD SEATS WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY COMFORTABLE STRAPS FROM WHICH TO HANG!

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A Needed Shower

"Isn't that a lovely shower!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall to her friend in the parlor as they gazed out on the sudden downpour.

"Yes, we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did. It's a God-send! Why, our goldenglowes, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain. The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not."

"Oh, I tell you this is just lovely! See how it pours! And to think that just when everything threatens to dry up and every one is praying for rain nature answers these appeals and sends us beautiful—Good heavens!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!"—*The Circle*.

Mind Reading

CHARLIE LOVEDAY: 'Um—ah—er—er—er! He! he—'

JEWELER (to his assistant): Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.—*Tit-Bits*.

MR. POPP: Hurray! For once in my life I know where my cuff links are.

MR. POPP: Where are they now?

MR. POPP: The baby's swallowed 'em!—*Cleveland Leader*.

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Presentation, conversation, animation, admiration,

Agitation, fascination, infatuation, idealization, Declaration, application, affirmation, precipitation,

Sensation, combination, preparation, elation, Donation, celebration, solemnization, jubilation, Tintinnabulation, collation, delectation, vacation,

Peregrination, perambulation, rustication, allocation,

Installation, habitation, decoration, visitation, Culmination, stagnation, alteration, disputatious, Calculation, irritation, alienation, detestation,

Desperation, alleviation, restoration, osculation, Palliation, consultation, arbitration, probation, Litigation, separation, desolation, termination,

Ruination!

—*La Touche Hancock, in The Circle*.

Against All Tradition

"That wealthy old fellow is a queer chap."

"How so?"

"Never claims he was happier when he was poor. Always says he's happier now."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly disgorgous."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

ROWE'S
GLOUCESTER
BED HAMMOCK

For Porches, Verandas, Lawns, Tents and Indoor Use

Combines Hammock, Couch and Swing Settee

A third of a century's experience shows that Rowe's Hammocks can be depended on to give 10 years of continuous out-of-door service. From the model and of same weight canvas (white or khaki) as made by us for years for U. S. Navy. Strong wood frame, thick mattress. Holds six persons. Ideal for outdoor sleeping. Complete, with lines and hooks ready for hanging, delivery charges prepaid in United States, carefully packed.

Write for Descriptive Booklet

about this most comfortable and durable piece of outdoor furniture, and prices of different styles and sizes.

E. L. ROWE & SON, Inc., Sail Makers and Ship Chandlers
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Epigrams

Love never knocks at the door of a woman's heart—the rascal goes right in and shuts the door.

A good husband is merely a good son grown up.

Few realize that every man and woman has two distinct personalities, one of which they reveal to either sex.

A woman who dislikes children and a man who hates dogs are questionable characters.

Wasted energy is throwing away that which is good for the sake of nothing.

A girl who is a dream usually has enormous awakening possibilities when she becomes a wife.—*Minna Thomas Antrim in Youths' Companion*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

Dobbin's Journey

The family horse, who rejoiced in the eminently proper equine name of Dobbin, had earned a rest by long service, and was accordingly sent away to the country to spend his declining years in the broad pastures of a farmer friend of his owner. The distance being somewhat excessive for his rheumatic legs, he was shipped to his new home by rail.

Little Edna, the family four-year-old, viewed the passing of Dobbin with unfeigned sorrow. She sat for a long time gazing disconsolately out of the window. At last, after a deep sigh, she turned with a more cheerful expression, and said:

"Did old Dobbin go on the choo-choo cars, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," answered her mother. A broad grin spread over the little girl's face.

"I was just thinking," she said, "how funny he must feel sitting up on the plush cushions."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

Everybody's Column

What a Question!

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

I have often felt inclined, and since reading your "Matrimonial Number" feel impelled, to ask whether it is possible that all your editorial staff are so damned unhappily married?

Yours very truly,
JAMES S. ROGERS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 3, 1909.

Well, no. That is, there are no complaints being heard. However, we may think we are happier than we really are.

Is This Flattery?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

In your issue of June 3 the enclosed joke (?) was noticed by the writer:

BARBER (rather slow): Beg pardon, sir, but your hair is turning a bit gray.

Hotel Cape May

Cape May City, New Jersey

Directly on the Beach

Opens Saturday, June 19

under the Same Management.

Fireproof; 350 bedrooms, 150 private baths, with hot and cold sea water. American and European plans.

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JOHN P. DOYLE, Manager
Cape May City, N. J.

VICTIM: Shouldn't wonder. Look at the time I've been here.—*Chicago Daily News*.

This joke, with a majority of others in this issue, is so old that it is gray itself.

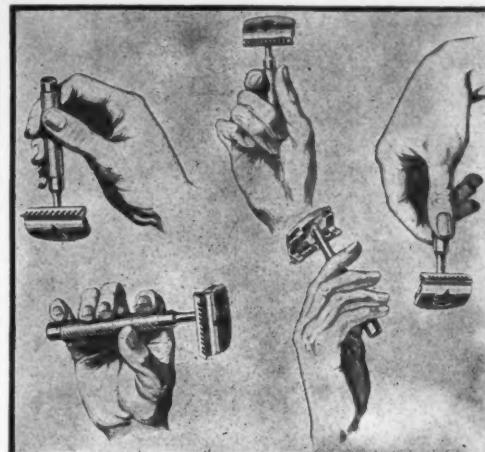
As you are always so quick to notice the faults of others, I thought I would write and point out this and the others to you.

I am able to realize the difficulty of obtaining new jokes, but I should think that you would rather cut down the size of your issue rather than publish these dead ones over and over again.

Once in a while I am really amused at some of the jokes (?). They remind me so much of the ones my grandfather used to tell in my boyhood days.

I would suggest the joke about the two eggs

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The blade meets the face at just the right angle for a clean, comfortable shave. Hold the

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HOW THE BLIND MAN COMES HOME FROM THE CLUB.

for your next issue. Most of the people have forgotten that one.

Trusting that at some date in the near future your paper will be as funny (?) as *Punch*, I remain,

B. LONG.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., June 2, 1909.

From Distant Shores

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Am inclosing twenty-six cents in stamps in payment of your catalogue of *LIFE's Prints*, as advertised weekly in *LIFE*.

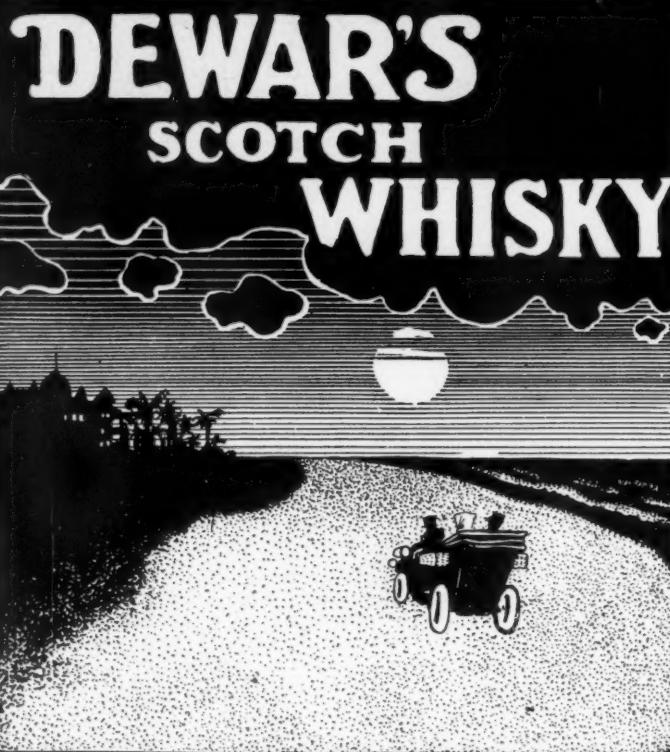
I get *LIFE* regularly each week—if the mail comes to my station—and I value your little paper as one of the joys to life. I would rather do without letters than without your paper. My quarters are decorated on all sides with prints of *LIFE*, and I am desirous of getting large nice

(Continued on page 892)

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



Everybody's Column

(Continued from page 891)

ones. They sure bring the States nearer to me in my isolated station.

Very cordially,
HARRY H. GANTZ.
Lieut. Phil. Constab.

ILOIO, PANAY, P. I.

Pleasant!

OHIO SOLDIERS' HOME, May 14, 1909.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir:—Please note newspaper excerpt herein enclosed. Observe how far the Chinese excel us in the item of vivisection.

What a surgeon this Chinese professor must have been! What a technic he must have acquired! What nerve! What indifference to the agony he inflicted! How splendidly he must have ignored the injustice he perpetrated! And how artfully, by means of his mutilations, he concealed the crime he committed!

And what a hysterical old neurotic this mandarin was. Think of an incomparable operator, cuticle exchanger and successful experimenter made the victim of a foolish sentimentalism and condemned to death; and as Chinese legal punishment is fitted to the crime it avenges, the professor was undoubtedly skinned alive.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 25cts. Sample and booklet from Park & Tiltord, 227 Broadway, New York.
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LIVING HORRORS.

MEN MADE TO LOOK LIKE BEASTS BY CHINESE METHODS. To transfer a man into a beast would at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, to whom nothing seems to be unknown. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the hide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accomplishment. After the person has had his skin completely changed and becomes a man-beast or a man-dog he is made nude to complete the illusion and also deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture. A Chinese journal, the *Hufao*, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangsi. His entire body was covered with dog-skin. He stood erect (although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours), could not utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down—in short, make the gestures of a human being. A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought

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to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as much terror as surprise. Upon being asked if he was a man the creature replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he would write. A pencil was given him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and district. Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to long tortures. His master was apprehended and condemned to death. —London Spare Moments.

Once More the Woman's Number

DEAR LIFE:

How unchivalrous, but oh, how unfathomably true, were the remarks of C. P. M. R., of Philadelphia, and the poet of the Plaza, in regard to the Woman's Number.

If our success in running the Government should be no more brilliant than in running that number of LIFE, Heaven save us from woman suffrage.

But are you sure you didn't leave out some better ones?

CAROLINE H. PARKER.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 17, 1909.

LIFE meant to be fair and endeavored to collect the best material. We believe it is admitted by Woman herself that humor is not her strongest point. Had those contributions appeared in a more serious publication certain deficiencies might have been less conspicuous.

Other Days, Other Figures

Oh, where are the maidens of yesteryear,

With their shirt-waists white and peek-a-boo?

"They are gone," we lament with glint of tear,
And their hasty departure we cannot but rue.
Oh, where are the visions of nineteen eight?

With their chic waist-lines and elbows slim?
They are too far and away out of date,

But we sigh for a glimpse of their forms so trim.

Arms browned by the sun no more do we see,
Nor shoulders so dainty and white and fair;
For sleeves by the yard are now fashion's decree,
And man and old Sol are both in despair.

For summers agone the heart of us pines,

When Helen's neat figure was second to none;
For now in a gown, with all-vertical lines,

She looks for the world like the numeral one!

—Littell McClung, Munsey's.

In general wisdom you may not overtake Solomon, but on lubrication you can beat him if you learn about

Dixon's
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MOTOR
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Stands for readiness, reliability and long life in a motor. You will at once see the common sense of it when you get our booklet on lubrication. Write to Department A.

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Milo

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Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not, get a box of "MILOS." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet

with this richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and it's just this that makes the *Perfect* cigarette. You'll find it in *No Other*.

This perfection is obtained only by owning our own plantation in Turkey—the careful watchfulness from the seedling to the finished article.

SURBRUG, Maker, - - New York.



Moberly Bell

At a little luncheon of magazine editors and writers in New York, William J. Locke, called upon for a few remarks, rose in his pleasant, diffident fashion and stood nervously gripping the back of his chair.

"Really," he began, "I don't know how I can make a speech, for I haven't a thing to talk to you about. But, I wonder if any of you have ever heard the true story of how Moberly Bell became editor of the London *Times*? Of course you are all journalists here, and I understand that no word of this secret history goes beyond these four walls."

There was the tense silence of deep interest, and the author of *The Beloved Vagabond* began his tale:

"You see, Moberly Bell happened to be in Cairo, and the Egyptian correspondent of the London *Times*, a friend of his, falling seriously ill, asked Moberly Bell to assume his duties; and so for several months Moberly Bell acted as deputy Egyptian correspondent for the *Times*. Now, Moberly Bell's letters were particularly brilliant—very brilliant, indeed—and the management of the *Times* were immensely pleased; of course they were also familiar with Moberly Bell's excellent record of general efficiency; so, as a position on the staff of the *Times* became vacant about that time, they decided to offer Moberly Bell the post of managing editor, and wrote to him at Cairo to that effect.

"Now the letter missed Moberly Bell, who was on a little expedition toward the headwaters of the Nile, but was forwarded and reached him near his destination. On reading the flattering offer he was naturally highly delighted and determined to hurry back to accept; so, not waiting for the regular steamer, he chartered a dahabiye and started down the Nile.

"But on the way his dahabiye was attacked by a sort of piratical dahabiye, and after a brisk fight, in the course of which a dozen or so of Moberly Bell's men were killed or wounded, his dahabiye was captured and he himself was seized, bound and brought before the pirate or brigand captain, who ordered him stripped and searched. Much to the captain's disgust all they found on Moberly Bell was his watch, a money-belt containing a few odd sovereigns and the letter appointing him managing editor of the London *Times*.

"But this bandit captain was quite a remarkable man—intelligent and able, a man of education with a history and a past; he read the letter

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ter, and, concluding that Moberly Bell was a person of importance, he—ah—killed Moberly Bell and became editor of the *Times* himself!"

TEACHER: Johnnie, do you know what a blotter is?

JOHNNIE: Yessum. It's de t'ing wot youse hunts fer while de ink gets dry.—*Chicago News*.

Do You Ever Go Home?

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Our Fourth of July NUMBER

Comes Out Next Week

There has been a great agitation recently about the dangerous use of fireworks on the Fourth of July. Do you know that

LIFE STARTED THIS?

Several years ago this paper urged upon everybody the absurdity, to say nothing of the danger and loss of life, of playing with a lot of explosives, "just to be patriotic."

In this Number—Out Next Tuesday—we have another picture, along the line of the first one published several years ago. It is called "The Annual Sacrifice." Some day we hope that it will not be necessary for LIFE to publish pictures like that. One lady wrote us the other day that that Glorious Fourth picture had cured her and her boys of the Noisy Fourth habit. She discovered that they could celebrate in other ways.

It's a great number next week—loaded with laughter.

COMING

July 8. A General Number, about nothing in particular. Colored Cover by Phillips.

Someone said to us the other day: "I notice you are getting out a lot of special numbers. Why don't you get out a humorous number occasionally?" Now there is an idea there somewhere.

The great difficulty lies in the fact that we do not always dare, like Oliver Wendell Holmes poet, to be "as funny as we can." Being artists in our particular line, we have to restrain ourselves. In this number, however, we have really given ourselves full swing. It's going to be real humorous. And as for the cover "Arms and the Man," it's a wonder.

July 15. Another General Number, and another colored cover by Phillips.

And so there you are. We are not going to give you special numbers every week. And another thing. Please note that in

these two numbers, we are saying nothing about their contents. We are working on them now doing what—well, trying to fill them up with the very best ideas that the country contributes. Then at the last minute, the best thing always comes along. And so we can't get up a full bill of fare beforehand.

July 22. A Special Spooks' Number. Cover by Irvin.

This is a grim and ghostly ghastly gaunt and gruesome number. Tread lightly. Step softly. Get a copy, sleep with it under your pillow, and you will see your great grandmother's glorious galaxy of splendid spooks, the girl you are going to marry, the fortune that awaits you, and other interesting personalities—all for ten cents.

Buy early and get an assortment of shudders warranted to please.

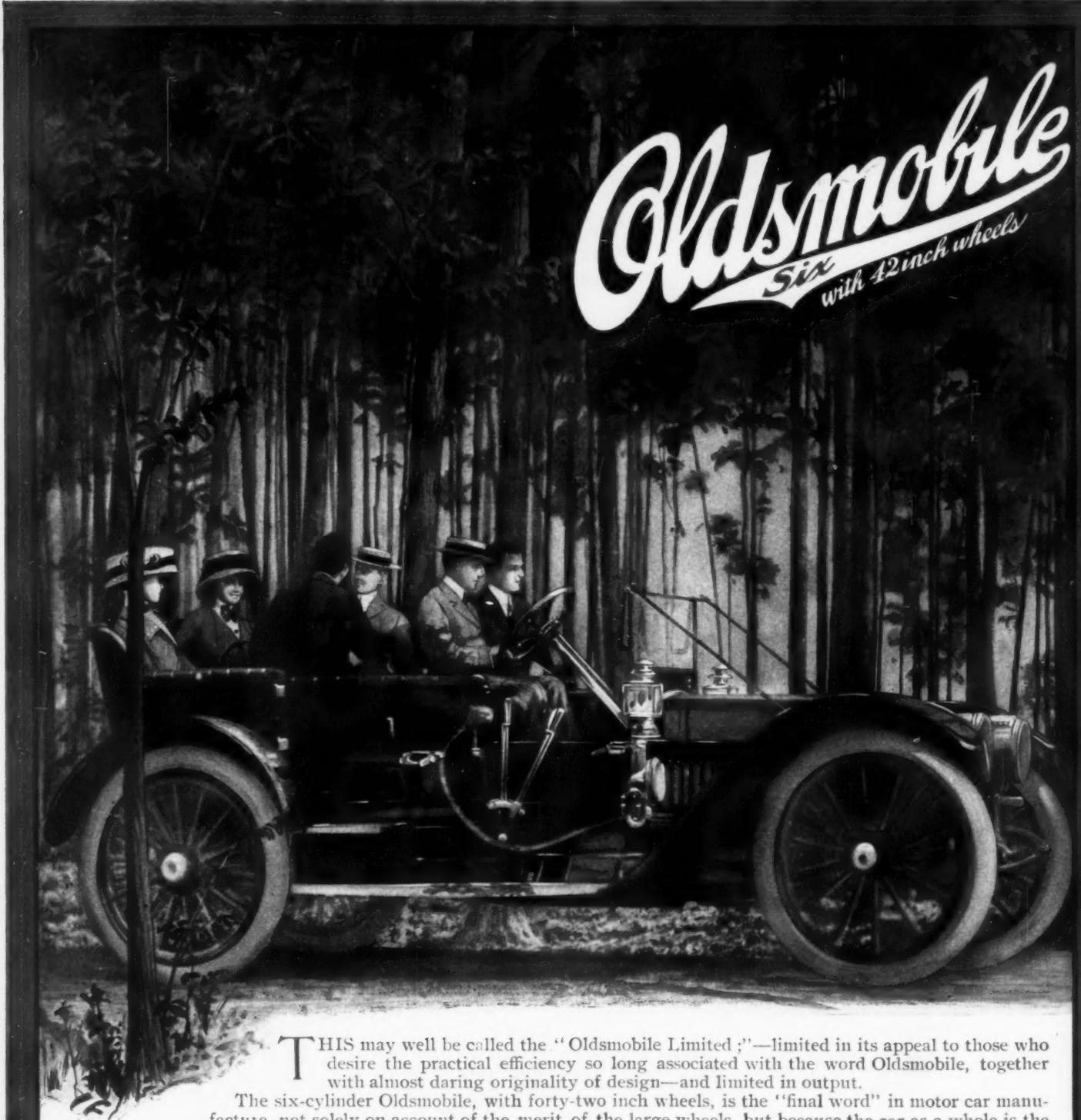


HOW TO DRESS YOUR CHILDREN ON THE FOURTH.

If you are a subscriber to LIFE you miss none of these good things. Price in the United States, Mexico and the American Possessions, \$5.00; Canada, \$5.52; abroad, \$6.04.

Oldsmobile

Six
with 42 inch wheels



THIS may well be called the "Oldsmobile Limited;"—limited in its appeal to those who desire the practical efficiency so long associated with the word Oldsmobile, together with almost daring originality of design—and limited in output.

The six-cylinder Oldsmobile, with forty-two inch wheels, is the "final word" in motor car manufacture, not solely on account of the merit of the large wheels, but because the car as a whole is the most highly perfected product for those who insist on the maximum of speed, comfort and reliability.

It is almost impossible to describe the "riding qualities" of this car, because no other car compares with it in luxury. With wheels of this size it is as easy to turn out of a deep rut as out of a shallow car track; every small inequality of the road is levelled out; large ones are fairly bridged over and hardly noticeable. We have to buy our own billets, in order to be sure of second growth hickory for the wheels. Special molds were made for tires of this size, which give the car the greatest road resistance of any car of its weight.

Tire replacements are only necessary after many thousand miles of travel; hence the greatest possible economy is added to its luxury. The 1909 production has been allotted and sold, but the 1910 production will be delivered early in the season, and orders will be filled strictly according to date of receipt. Only 50 of the roadster type will be manufactured. Our branch houses and agencies will inform you as to details and first dates of delivery. Six-passenger cars and roadsters, \$4500 and \$4600.

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